

fortunate guest, my lord Huntington.—He told them that he thought his uncle much better, and with composure he would be well again by morning. This announcement was made in the best manner, and lord Arrington to gratify his anxious guest proclaimed it aloud.

Nothing now to disturb the hilarity of the evening, each began his pastimes anew, but none were so lavish in their enjoyments, or seemingly so, as the young prince and lady Caroline, whose only cause for being the least unpleasant, was her concern for lord Huntington; they danced, they promenaded, and together sung, and growing tired of mirth and excitement they sought at last a quiet retreat on a balcony that nature seemed to have ornamented for such an occasion.

Sitting themselves here, they talked of eastern lands, of classic scenes, of rocks and mountains, flowing rivers placid lakes and billowy seas; they talked of poetry, too, and then of flowers and of love. Yes, for love is a theme that follows poetry and flowers, as naturally as sunshine follows rain, and could we but give the emotions they felt, perhaps the reader would conclude with us, that Browne was succeeding better among the nobility than his most sanguine expectation had reached. Caroline, as her mother had said, was but a girl, simple in her manners, not having had that experience in parlor etiquette to do full justice to one of her position, (having just returned from school,) yet she seemed possessed of a grace that rendered her matronly while she possessed a childish playfulness that made her really interesting.

A removal from the gaudy scenes of the ball room had effected a wonderful change in her, and instead of girlish coquetry which to an extent had characterized her deportment, she became serious, yet not dull, and entered into a conversation that not only delighted, but actually charmed Wallace.

He would forget at times that she was the daughter of lord Arrington, or that he was among the nobility of England, her manners were so free and lovely, and despite his prejudices against marrying a lady of foreign birth, he found that he was loving her, and that to separate with her, would be a matter of more consequence than merely parting with a ball room acquaintance.

Did he tell her of his love? Ah! that should not be told, but we hear them talking an hour or two after their first entrance on the balcony, and we catch the following—"whether I go with you and your uncle to the Mediterranean or not, you must write; I shall expect you to be with us at the opening of the 'World's Fair' during the next year."

"That I will certainly do, if I can, but I think you will favor us with your presence yet; I am sure, nothing would render my part of the tour half so pleasant as your presence and as for my uncle he would be delighted beyond measure at the idea; I will propose to him to spend several days longer in London if you conclude to go, in order to give you time for making any arrangements you may desire."

"I will go; I know my parents will yield to my wishes in this matter, for as I told you to night, they would be greatly influenced by your uncle."

"Then I shall have a happy time of it indeed; I will have one with me whose soul sympathizes with nature's loveliness and whose mind is keenly perceptive of her beauties; one to whom I may whisper my own inspiration when amid the grandeur and greatness, or the ruin and desolation which our tour may present."

(To be Continued.)

REUNITED.—Years ago a Pennsylvania farmer stabbed his young wife in a fit of drunken insanity and fled to the West, supposing himself a murderer. The woman recovered, and after five years' solitary life married again. Her second husband died in a few months, and she also went West. There she met a prosperous and wealthy merchant, was wooed and wedded; and upon disrobing in the bridal chamber the bridegroom saw upon her neck the scar of the wound he himself made, and recognized his wife of years before.

About six hundred hands have been thrown out of employment in Granville, N. C. in consequence of an order recently issued by the inspector closing up the tobacco factories for alleged violation of the revenue laws.

Dr. James Bolton, of Richmond, an eminent physician and surgeon, and a zealous and devoted advocate of temperance, died May 15th, near Charlottesville, beloved by all who knew him.

Friend of Temperance.

RALEIGH, N. C., JUNE 2, 1869.

Letters containing money must be registered. The Cross (X) Mark tells subscribers that their descriptions have expired and ought to be renewed.

The *Friend* informs you that this is the last number for which you have paid, and respectfully asks you to renew.

The Lecture Fund.

The Committee for procuring Lecturers for the work in North Carolina, consists of Genl. R. B. Vance, Maj. D. S. Hill and ourself. This Committee will meet in Louisburg at the assembling of the Supreme Council, the 22nd inst., and will endeavor to make some arrangements by which the State may be thoroughly canvassed by Lecturers.

We shall be glad to pay the expenses of these Lecturers, and to meet this need, a proposition has been started to raise \$500 by voluntary contribution. Bro. Raven says he will be one of a hundred to give \$5. Two or three brethren have responded to his proposition. The proposition is still open, and we urge the brethren everywhere to come forward and meet this demand upon them with a liberality becoming the principles and aims of our glorious Order.

Who will give \$5? What Council will give \$25?

Brethren, go to work? We are very anxious that something be done before the meeting of the Committee.

DECLINES.

Brother George H. Kelley declines the office of D. V. P., for his district, for reasons very satisfactory. We are very sorry he could not accept, as he is one of our firmest men, and is heart and soul in the work.

In compliance with a recommendation from Lawson Council, the President of the State Council has commissioned brother Jonathan Sandford of Laurel Hill, Richmond county, D. V. P., in the place of brother Kelley. Brother Sandford is represented as being a man of sterling integrity—a Christian and a thorough-going temperance man—a working man. We shall expect much from him. His district opens a beautiful field of labor, and we make large calculations upon his efforts therein. We hope he will confer with us often.

GLORIOUS NEWS FROM VIRGINIA.

We clip the following cheering items from the *Christian Sun*, whose editor is Secretary of the State Council of Virginia, and speaks, therefore, by the book:

The march of the Order in Virginia, is triumphant. Councils at Timberville, Bridgewater, Edinburgh, Mt. Jackson New Market, Middletown and Newtown, have been organized. Applications are in hand for No's 59 and 60, at Front Royal and Elk Run, and Rev. James Young, the State Lecturer, is this week in Brother Huff's Augusta District, where we expect to hear a good report from him.

The cause is about to be re-established in Richmond, and on a better foundation than ever before.

We are also expecting applications from Mecklenburg county, and from Deep Creek in Norfolk county.

At Charlottesville, where the cause has seemed to drag for a season, new life is being infused and the Local Vice President has ordered one hundred blank applications for Active membership this week.

Council No. 65, will be organized very soon, at Shenandoah Iron Works, in Page county, by Rev. A. P. Boude, District Vice President.

We are already hoping to announce the institution of the 100th Council in the State, before the end of the year.

The value of a temperance paper in a family is beyond estimation. It may save a son from a drunkard's life, and a drunkard's grave. It may save a beloved daughter from the degradation and misery of being a drunkard's wife. Subscribe to a Temperance paper.—*Christian Sun*.

And let that temperance paper be the *Friend of Temperance*—the organ of the Order of Friends of Temperance.—Everybody ought to take a temperance paper, and we do not hesitate to recommend the *Friend*; it has been endorsed by two State Councils, the President and officers of the Supreme Council, and nearly all the Subordinate Councils of the Order, and must, therefore, be a good paper.

Yes, take a temperance paper, and by all means take the *Friend*; and we'll soon make it look as pretty, and spread it over as large a sheet, as any other temperance paper.

Riding in his Carriage.

One evening last week a liquor seller was seen dashing through our streets in his chariot, and it may be, that, weak-kneed christians and faint-hearted temperance men looked on, as he went dashing by, and envied him because of his gay equipage, and coveted his carriage, his horses and his money. And, it may be, that they complained that Providence had not made them rich, or even as well-to-do in the world as that liquor-seller. And, it may be, that some temperance man reasoned within himself, that it were better to sell liquor and become rich and ride in a fine carriage, than to belong to the Friends of Temperance, and be hard pressed for money, with which to pay house rent and meet the current expenses of life.—And, it may be, that some professor of religion, losing sight of the great reward to which the true christian has an inheritance, might have murmured at the providences of God, because the wicked do prosper while the followers of Jesus are often the poor and despised men of this world.

Whether he was envied or not, or whether he was noticed or not by a single person, save this writer, it matters not. He went dashing through our streets in a fine chariot—and he was able to do it—for he is a licensed liquor-seller and is making a fortune at the expense of many broken coffers and ruined homes. Yes, his coffers are rapidly filling up—but blood and tears stain every dollar, and every dollar cost some poor wretch a pang of sorrow—a bitter tear.

Yes, he went dashing by in his carriage, and he looked down with contempt upon the little shanty we have dignified with the title of Office, where in we toil and sweat through these long, melting days, to gain an honest livelihood and to warn the young against the dangers and sorrows of the wine-cup;—and soon his ride had ended and again he stood behind his bar smiling upon the victims whose money he clutched and cast into his blood stained coffers.

That night—ah, yes, that very night—a sorrow-stricken—a broken-hearted wife—sat all alone in the front door, till the clock struck two, waiting for the husband's coming—waiting to serve the cup of warm coffee and the buttered roll, to the loved husband. But he came not. He was drunk. In the back room of that gilded saloon the poor inebriate had been laid away in his debauch, (out of sight, lest his appearance might disgust some moderate drinker,) to wallow in his drunkenness and to get sober as he could. Here he was, hid away, while the poor wife sat at home wretched in her loneliness and her anxiety.

That night—ah, yes, that very night, a boy went staggering up the street to his widowed mother's home. The fond and anxious mother sat upon the porch awaiting the coming of that idolized boy—the mother's only joy, because the living type of the father—the loved, the lost husband. That boy reeled past his mother without giving the wanted kiss—he heeded not her anxious inquiries—he staggered—he muttered an oath between his clenched teeth—he was drunk. He had just been turned out of that "gilded saloon," because, in his drunkenness, he became boisterous and unruly. That night, he lifted his arm in anger against his heart-broken mother, and she wears, to day, a scar inflicted in his madness.

That night—ah, yes, that very night, the first angry word was spoken by the young husband, and the first tear was seen to course its way down the cheeks of the young—the beautiful—the trusting—the loving wife. It was only a single glass he took, but it changed the whole nature of the man—maddened him. He took that drink at the "gilded saloon," and it was served by the gentlemanly proprietor who dashed so grandly by that evening, in his chariot.

Envy him not. Covet not his chariot, nor his money, nor his houses, nor his stocks! They are all stained with blood, and besprinkled with tears.—They are his portion. He hath chosen the riches of this world, and God allows him to prosper even at the cost of broken hearts and beggared children. But, "vengeance is mine; I will repay!" saith the Lord.

Yes, he went dashing by in his pride and vanity; but soon an offended God will dash his ruined soul into that pit of eternal despair, wherein the rich man lifted up his eyes being in torment; for He will not much longer allow him to curse this land—to break the mother's heart—destroy the happiness of the home circle and bring shame and reproach, even upon the church of Jesus Christ.

His destruction will be swift!

THE REASON WE DON'T PROSPER.

Temperance might sweep over this land in a very short time and bear down all opposition before it, if temperance men were only true to themselves and to their principles. Here lies the difficulty. The very men who preach temperance and pretend to act temperance, are the ones who hinder the cause most; and they do it by their inconsistencies. How? We propose to answer in a few words.

Temperance men hinder their own cause.

1st. By associating, on free and easy terms, with those who drink and sell liquor. Young men do this when they go to billiard saloons.

2nd. By patronizing grocers, as well as some Dry Goods' merchants, who are known to keep liquors in their cellars to be sold by the barrel or the bottle. (These are generally church members.)

3rd. By voting for whisky sellers and whisky drinkers for office, knowing them to be such.

4th. By giving patronage to secular or political papers, in preference to temperance papers.

We have been watching the temperance movement for twenty-five years, and we unhesitatingly affirm it as our candid opinion, that temperance men have been the cause of the comparative failure of temperance in our land. They are untrue to themselves, and to their cause and its principles.

Drunk.

Yes, he was drunk, and the neighbors saw him, and the people laughed as he went reeling along the streets, and his fellow church members groaned and thanked God that they were not like him, and in their righteous indignation declared him unfit to remain in their communion—and the verdict went forth—"cut him off!"

Who made him drunk? It was you who did it, minister of the gospel.—That weak brother heard you say, that there was no harm in taking a little wine, or using brandy in moderation.—He believed you—he tried to use it moderately, but got drunk. And you've turned him out of the church, for getting drunk. You say he is unfit for the church. It may be so; but, drunkard as he is, he is a thousand fold better than the surpliced hypocrite, who, to gratify his own lustful appetite, quotes Paul's injunction to Timothy about taking a "little wine," leading the weaker brethren thereby into sin—the sin of drunkenness. It were better for such men that a millstone were hanged about their necks and they cast into the sea.

MAD DOGS.

Mad dogs are a terrible pest. It is no wonder that the citizens adopt every precaution to guard themselves against them. The bite is fatal and the death is horrible. But few, however, very few, we rejoice to believe, have suffered from this cause. There is a serpent that biteth like an adder, whose sting is venomous, and by whose agency hundreds and thousands have been sent to a premature grave, and yet, strange as it may seem, the public hostility has not been awakened against it. Some member almost of every family has been injured by its fangs, but still, like a harmless reptile, it is allowed to creep through our towns and cities without being molested. The public have grown familiar with it, and seek rather to caress than to curse it. Would it not be more wise and charitable to kill it, and if not, to muzzle it, than to kill and muzzle innocent dogs for the harm that some of their fraternity may happen to do? What have mad dogs done to hurt and destroy our citizens compared with Rum? If a man dies from the bite of a dog, he may go to Heaven. But a drunkard dies two deaths. "No drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven."

FROM THE VALLEY OF VA.—We clip the following items of temperance from the Staunton Vindicator of a late date: Staunton Council, No. 47, Friends of Temperance, accompanied by Charity Council, No. 6, and a number of visiting brethren, turned out in procession on Saturday last, and proceeded to the Methodist Church to hear the address of the State Lecturer, Rev. Jas. Young, who we learn delivered an eloquent address. He also delivered an address at night in the Town Hall, and a Temperance Sermon on Sunday night. After his labors here 108 signed the pledge.—This argues well for the Temperance cause in these parts and for the efforts of the State Lecturer.

A Council of Friends of Temperance was organized at Churchville, Tuesday night last, to be known as Churchville Council No. 60. H. L. Hoover is President of this council.

LETTER BOX

MT. OLIVET, WILMINGTON.

Brother Gerken, Secretary of Mt. Olivet Council, No. 9, Wilmington, N. C., writes us the following very encouraging account of the condition of our cause in Wilmington:

"Our Council, I am happy to say, is still in a flourishing and prosperous condition, receiving additions every meeting; and the beauty is, making no expiations. I verily believe, that the day is not far distant, when Mt. Olivet Council, No. 9, Friends of Temperance, will outnumber any society in this city. Brethren, that have never worked before, are now lending a helping hand to shove forward our great cause, and we never intend to cease, until by Heaven's help, every drunkard in our city is brought into the fold, and every rum mill consigned to that low sphere from whence they spring.

Your valuable paper is growing more interesting and instructive every number. I am trying very hard to send you a club of twenty, and will do so shortly, would have done so ere this, but money is very scarce among the brethren."

(The first club of twenty the *Friend* ever received, came from Mt. Olivet.—That Council has given it a liberal patronage from its first number until the present; and it is a matter of pride, as well as of thanksgiving, with us, to learn, from its Secretary, that the paper is gaining upon the affections of the membership.

Mt. Olivet is the banner Council of our State, but her members are determined to accomplish still more glorious results.)

Bro. Poisson, President of Mt. Olivet, says: "Our Council is progressing splendidly—the attendance at the meetings is large, and never has the Council's influence outside, been greater."

ELM CITY, NEWBERN.

Brother John L. Herriage, in a business letter to us says:

"I hope you will come down and stir us up. I have worked with all my might to keep the Council together, and I am truly glad to say, that there are a few members who held on, and seemed determined that we shall continue to exist."

I do most earnestly hope that the good cause may be inspired with new life and energy, for the results of adhering strictly to its principles, are indeed too glorious and blessed to allow it to perish. You may rest assured, that I will do all in my power, not only to build upon a sure foundation, the principles of our Order, but will let no opportunity pass in presenting the claims of our organ, the *Friend of Temperance*. I regard it as one of the pure sheets of the day, that ought to be in every household."

HILLSBORO, N. C.

In reply to an inquiry which we made, relative to organizing a Council in Hillsboro', Rev. L. W. Crawford, the stationed Methodist minister, writes us thus:

"You may be able to organize a Council at any time you come, but it is thought, about the tenth of June will be most suitable. So far as I know, there will be no objections to your occupying our church—suppose none to the Presbyterian or Baptist churches. I will cheerfully render you any little aid I can, in helping you on in the work you desire to undertake here."

Thank you, dear brother! and nothing preventing we will be with you on the 10th, as you suggest.

PITTSBORO, N. C.

Brother A. D. Brooks informs us that the chances for forming a Council of our Order at Pittsboro' are becoming better every day; indeed, he thinks it almost certain, that he will succeed there.

MARSHALL, No. 24.

Brother C. A. Nichols, Secretary of Marshall Council, sends \$2. for the *Friend*, accompanied with the following remarks:

"We will try and make up a club soon, though our folks are poor, and times dreadfully hard in this country at the present time. We have a good Council at this place, and we trust that the cause is on the increase for good. We had a corporation meeting in this place to day, and voted 'no licenses,' without a dissenting voice."

That's a good lick! Well done for Marshall! Every town in the land should try to follow this lead. The grog shops must be put down. The Saviour taught us to pray: "lead us not into temptation." As long as we allow these snares to remain along our streets, just so long our young men are being led into temptation daily and hourly. Let us break up the grog shops, and the temptation is removed. Well done, Marshall!

Gus Baker and Jim Thomas two of the Wade Ditcher murderers, which were to have been hung at Halifax on Friday last, received a respite from the Governor, (by telegraph from Baltimore,) after the rope had been tied about their necks and the cap drawn over their faces. But the respite is for only one week. They are to be hung on Friday next the 4th.

Communicated.

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE SUPREME COUNCIL.

SUFFOLK, VA., May 20th, 1869.

DEAR BRO. WHITAKER:—From some unknown cause, the *Friend of Temperance*, that weekly visitor, always more than welcome, has not yet reached us, this week. What is the matter? We can only excuse you, Bro. Editor, if you have been off to institute some new Council of our beloved Order.

The interest kindled in the Valley of Virginia, by Rev. James Young, the State Lecturer, still continues, though I have not heard from Bro. Young since his arrival at Staunton on Saturday last. He has been spending this week in Augusta and Highland counties, and we expect a glowing report from that section, before these lines are read by the Temperance people of the South.

The *Rockingham Register*, published at Harrisonburg, lends its columns to the promotion of the great reform.—We mention this fact with pleasure, because too many of the secular papers seem inclined to give us and our glorious work the "go by." In this category however, the Norfolk and Petersburg papers, and the *Dispatch* of Richmond should not be included, indeed we think, nearly every secular paper in Richmond is inclined to bid us God-speed, the *Enquirer* excepted. Did you read, Bro. Whitaker, the plea for the use of tobacco and whisky, recently sent forth, as a leader in the columns of this old and much revered paper of Virginia? We read the article referred to with pain, because we saw the evil likely to result from it. The use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage, is such an agent for evil in all portions of our country, that we painfully pause, when an apology is offered for its use, by such a respectable man as the principal editor of the *Enquirer*. But I forbear.

The approaching session of the Supreme Council of our Order should excite more interest than it does. Important business is to be transacted, and important questions will come up for discussion. Let the meeting be a full one!

The State Lecturer of Virginia has set his mark for the one hundredth Council in the good old State, before the end of the year. We hope his ardent expectation may be fully realized. By the by, we see that many of our people are beginning to speak of Bro. Young as the "Grand Lecturer." Let it be understood, that he is the State Lecturer. We determined at the organization of our Order, to ignore all high-sounding titles for our officers, and "Grand" and "Worthy," and kindred terms are never used by us. We are a plain, simple body of Temperance workers, earnestly laboring to do good for our fellow-men, for God and for the church, and we aspire to no high sounding position, and own nothing of the kind for our organization.

I close this week's jottings, with the earnest request, that all the friends of the Order will rally around the *Friend of Temperance*, and endeavor to extend its circulation. We withdrew our own paper, as the organ of the Order in Virginia a year ago, in order that all might concentrate their strength upon the Raleigh paper, and we hope the paper will, by our united efforts, become permanently established. We must, if we would extend our usefulness as an organization, make a liberal use of the press. We have more to say on this subject at a future time. For this week, Bro. Whitaker, adieu.

Yours in F. T. and C., W. B. WELLS.

TRAGEDY IN JONES COUNTY.—The Newbern Journal of Commerce of the 30th ult., says:

The city was thrown into a state of excitement, yesterday afternoon, by the arrival of a messenger from Jones county, with the intelligence that Sheriff Colgrove had been killed and a negro man severely wounded, by a party or parties unknown. The particulars, as far as they have transpired, are as follows:

Yesterday morning, about seven o'clock, Colgrove, accompanied by a negro man, left his residence for Trenton, three miles distant. When about half way to the village a volley is supposed to have been fired into the wagon in which the two were riding, killing the Sheriff instantly, and dangerously wounding the negro. Shortly after the tragic occurrence Colgrove was found in the middle of the road, with a bullet through his brain and another through his breast. The negro had his arm broken by a ball and a gunshot wound in his breast.—He is in a precarious condition.